Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall de-
liuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? wher
were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to Metaline.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am t
daughter of King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not but here's the regent sir of *Metaline*, spe
nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue me a gash,
me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon
ore-beare the shore of my mortality, and drowne me with
sweetnesse. Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellcanus*,
Downe on my knees thanke the holy god as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was my mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirmd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdo

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mo-
thers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the
minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, she is not dead
at *Tharsus*, as she should haue bene by sauage *Cleon*, shee shall
tell the all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she
is thy very Princes who is this?

Hell. Sir tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your
melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you giue me my robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my girle.
But hearke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter, but wher's this Musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke
It nips me vnto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust be-
liefe, ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dian. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thether, and doe vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when
my maiden priests are met together. before all the people reueale
how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosse with thy
daughters call and giue them repetition to the like, or performe
my bidding, or thou liuest in woe, doo't, and happy by my siluer
bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian* Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Hell. Sir.

Per.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22338) LONDON, 1630 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (H.28.e.19) Octavo